

Thunderbolt and Lightning by Magladin

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Summary:

After El defeated the demogorgon Mike's parents took her in just like he had said they would. It's been a few years almost, and despite how much Karen Wheeler wants El (or Jane) to think of herself as Mike's sister, neither of them can do that. And she's terribly afraid of thunderstorms. Only Mike can make her feel better about that.

Thunderbolt and Lightning

Author's Note:

Well this was fun to create. Please suspend disbelief because I know they're young. I'm warning you now.

Jane observed the clouds pensively through the windows of the Wheeler house as she deposited stacks of folded clothes onto their owners' respective beds. Mike's mother, whom she thought of as *her* mother now, had enlisted her help when she realized that Jane saw the oncoming clouds that definitely signaled bad weather. Karen Wheeler knew Jane was afraid of storms, even light ones, and she had wanted to take her mind off of it as soon as she saw the frightened look on the girl's face.

Jane, or *El* as Mike and her friends still called her, a name she secretly preferred, had been living with the Wheelers ever since that dreadful night at the school. She had somehow managed to defeat the demogorgon and all the promises that Mike had made about her having real parents and a real bed had come true. It had been close to three years and even though the Wheelers introduced her as their adopted daughter and even though Holly and Nancy thought of her as their sister, things would always be different with Mike.

Will you be like my brother?

El remembered her conversation with Mike in the cafeteria all those months ago. Living with him, being treated like family, only seemed to cause her feelings for him to intensify. She thought maybe it was because she wasn't supposed to have them now that she was technically his sibling but the knowledge did nothing to quell the feelings.

And she knew, *she knew*, Mike felt the same way because try as they might to keep themselves away from each other or to not get themselves into situations together where something might happen, they continued to find themselves sneaking into closets or hiding out in the basement fort or anywhere there happened to be privacy and letting whatever happened happen, depending on the time allotted.

And a lot had happened so far.

There had been the time when El let him finger her in Nancy's closet while Mike's mother made dinner. El had almost caused a fuse to blow as his nimble fingers brought her to orgasm. There was the time she kept her hand on his dick all through dinner without anyone ever noticing. She had felt it getting harder and harder and could tell by the tiny noises he would occasionally make and by the way he was squirming that he was enjoying it. When the plates had been cleared Mike made an excuse about how he and El had promised Lucas that they'd play video games with him after dinner and after they made their way out of the house she had gone down on him and sucked him off behind some shrubbery. They had lost their virginity one day when the blanket fort fell down and they rebuilt it. That had been a magical experience.

El was thinking about things they'd done as she watched the storm clouds multiply before her eyes. She was hoping that happy thoughts would drive away her fears but she still had a knot in her stomach and she knew that as the evening progressed toward bedtime she would become more and more of a nervous wreck if the weather didn't change for the better.

Mike hadn't yet gotten home from school. El was going to start the next year, their first year of high school, and Nancy had been tutoring her on the weekends when she wasn't away at college and

the rest of the Party had taken it upon themselves to make sure she was ready, but for now she spent her days helping Karen with household chores and reading. She had discovered that she liked to cook and had learned how to make several different pasta dishes, Carbonara being her favorite. It was Mike's as well. She had every reason to be happy really.

Except for this storm. She hated storms so much. Even though one storm in particular had set her life on a path that had brought her the most joy, she still feared the thunder and lightning and she still felt cold when the rain fell at night.

The sky was getting progressively darker. El could see the clouds actively moving and watched as they covered up the sun and didn't look like they'd be allowing it to come back out any time soon. She nervously picked at her cuticles.

The rain started a few minutes before Mike walked through the door. He was soaked. He made eye contact with her and knew immediately what the problem was. He knew she was scared and looked like she'd been scared for a few hours. Mike tried to make her laugh, shaking his head like a dog and making the rainwater that had collected in his hair fly around the kitchen.

El smiled, because how could she not when he was so adorable? However, her underlying fear remained.

Mike tried everything to allay her fears. He told her about how Dustin had laughed so hard at lunch that the milk he was drinking came out of his nose and about how Lucas went through the entire last three hours of the day with his zipper down. Mike sat next to her during dinner, casually rubbing her thigh when it was safe and he

knew his mother wasn't looking. He really never needed to fear his father's gaze on him.

They were in the basement after dinner, Mike was finishing some homework and El was trying to occupy her mind by reading *The Hobbit* when there was a loud crash of thunder accompanied by a flash of lightning. They could hear the explosion as the transformer down the street blew and then suddenly they were concealed in darkness.

"Shit, I was almost finished too," Mike complained. El was quiet. Mike noticed. "Hey, it's okay. The power just went out. They'll fix it as soon as they can. Listen though, the rain doesn't sound as hard now. Maybe it's moving away from us." Mike reached through the darkness to try to find her hand.

El sought his hand too and once she had it, she pulled herself closer to him.

"I hope it's going away. I can't sleep when it's like this," El worried aloud.

Mike started to say something but he bit his tongue. It would be so easy to just tell her she could sleep with him but he didn't want to deal with his mother and if he was honest with himself, he didn't know what would happen if she did sleep with him. They had obviously slept in the same bed countless times but every time it seemed to be even more physical than before. They'd had sex a few times even and Mike spent the week after each time kicking himself so much that he had broken down and gone to Nancy for advice. It turned out that El was allergic to latex and he was freaking out about birth control. Nancy listened to him and then she and El disappeared

for a few hours. When they got back Nancy called him into her room and told him that she had taken El to get birth control pills but that they wouldn't kick in for three months so if he couldn't control himself until then she would tell their parents and that might be the end of El living with them. It was a scary threat but it had worked.

Now the only thing keeping them apart was that they were supposed to be *brother and sister*, his mom even kept calling her that around him, and as much as he wanted to be repulsed he couldn't be because it was *El*. Some weird part of his brain told him the idea was scintillating. He didn't want to tell El he thought so.

Since the power was out Karen wanted everyone in the living room until bedtime, something about how her grandparents had spent their time when they were young. Mike and Holly groaned but El was kind of happy to have something to focus on.

They took turns making shadow puppets on the wall using a flashlight and then Holly tried to tell a ghost story that ended up just being the plot of a Halloween cartoon. By close to 10:00 the rain had practically stopped and while the power was still out, the storm seemed to be over.

“Okay, bedtime for everyone,” Karen announced.

El looked toward the basement and sighed. It was barely audible though and no one noticed. She didn't mind sleeping down there, not really. Originally Mike had said she could have his room and he would take the basement but his parents decided that it would be best for El to have it. She could have her own bathroom that way and would feel more comfortable. Or so they thought.

Mike wanted to tell El goodnight. He knew the storm had passed but he still felt bad about her having to go down into the dark basement and sleep all alone.

“Hey, El, I think I left my backpack down in the basement. Do you mind if I come get it?”

“Okay.” Her voice was still timid, still doubtful that she was indeed safe from the storm.

They descended into the basement hand in hand. Once at the bottom of the steps, Mike spoke.

“Are you gonna be okay down here?” He asked, stepping closer to her, their chests were almost touching.

“I think so. It’s only rain, right?” El tried to laugh. “I know it can’t get me. I’ll be okay, Mike.” She was saying the words but her tone didn’t match.

Mike could tell she was still scared.

“Well if you need anything, if you need me for any reason, you know where I’ll be. Okay?”

El nodded. She knew if she tried to speak any more she might cry. She didn't want to seem so weak just because of rain but her reaction to it was visceral and she couldn't help it.

Mike sensed her internal struggle. His hand went out gently, seeking her face. He found it easily and let his thumb graze her jaw before his lips were on hers. Kissing her in the dark was so exciting, knowing that his mother could interrupt them at any minute, knowing that this was all he ever wanted to do no matter what labels were applied to him. He loved how soft her lips were and how trusting she was and how she let him move her head in any direction, completely melting for him.

Neither of them were sure how much time had passed, seconds, hours? They broke apart though when Karen's voice rang out from the top of the steps.

"Mike, see if there's an extra flashlight down there and make sure Jane has it. Goodnight, Jane. Sleep well, honey."

Mike sighed. "Guess I have to go to bed." He crossed the room to near the washing machine. He reached up onto a high shelf and retrieved something. "Here's a flashlight so you won't be in the dark," he said as he handed it to El.

"Thanks, Mike." She still sounded so afraid. It broke Mike's heart.

"Um, well okay. If you need me...you know." He leaned down and kissed her one more time. "Night, El."

El stood in at the foot of the basement steps for a few minutes after Mike had left. She finally shuffled over to her bed area and started to put on what she planned to sleep in. After pulling up the quilt El lay quietly, listening to the sounds of the barely falling rain. She must have dozed off because a while later she was startled awake by another deafening crash of thunder. It sounded to El like the storm had come back, or had never gone away at all, only lying in wait for her to let her guard down. She got out of bed and crept up the stairs. She knew she shouldn't go to Mike but she wasn't thinking rationally. She only wanted to feel comforted and Mike was her number one source for that.

Mike was sleeping when he heard his bedroom door creak open. It was then that thunder rolled across the sky and a bolt of lightning lit up the interior of his room. He could see El peeking inside and jumping when she heard the loud booming noise.

"Come here," he whispered sleepily, already knowing what this was about. El's fear of storms rivaled everyone he had ever met. Her fear would always be the biggest. He was pretty sure it had to do with the night she escaped from the lab, but they never really discussed it. Instead, he just always welcome her into his arms whenever this happened. It was usually in the evening or way before they went to sleep, but this time it was different and he was certain she was more scared than usual.

Once she got under the covers next to him, he tightly wrapped one of his arms around her waist and pulled her close to him. They had slept in the same bed more times that he could count, although his parents never knew.

“It’s okay, I’ve got you,” Mike mumbled reassuringly and placed a soft kiss on her shoulder as he hugged her from behind.

El loved feeling Mike’s arms wrap around her from behind. It made her feel safe. She was still really scared but the way he tried to calm her fears kind of made her want to melt into a puddle. She could feel his breath on her ear. She had barely finished having the thought *I can feel Mike’s breath on my ear* when it was replaced by him gently licking her earlobe. It was the lightest thing, barely noticeable, but El’s body reacted.

Mike wasn’t planning on pressuring El into anything she didn’t feel like doing, but he would have been lying if he had said her ass pressing on his cock didn’t have an effect on him. He wasn’t even sure if she did it on purpose, but his cock was starting to react anyway. He continued to sleepily kiss her neck and her ear, his hot breath fanning over her warm skin. He was hoping this could also take her mind off of the storm, especially since she would still startle at the slightest noise and he had to squeeze her a little tighter every time it happened to reassure her that everything was all right.

El could definitely still hear the storm but her attention was quickly shifting to how it felt to be lying in Mike’s arms and how the kisses he was planting on her neck were making her feel very warm, and not just because the power was out. She squirmed slightly, sending her leg behind her and trapping it between Mike’s. The angle left her legs kind of open. She gasped when she felt his tongue tickle her neck.

Mike’s hands were around her, holding her close to him, and El grabbed one of them, moving it up until it cupped her breast through the *Ghostbusters* t-shirt of his she was wearing to sleep in.

Mike welcomed Eleven's leg between his, knowing full well that he could easily touch her womanhood from this position. But before he could do that, she moved his hand to her breast and he gently cupped it and squeezed. His mouth never left the exposed skin of her neck. It didn't take long before he slowly started to rock his hips back and forth against her ass. The movement was barely noticeable but enough to give his erect cock the bit of friction that he so much needed.

Just then another clap of thunder could be heard and El flinched once again, making Mike pull her even closer to his chest while his cock pressed lightly against her ass.

"You're safe with me, El," he whispered between kisses as he continued to fondle her breasts. "Nothing can happen from here," he added.

Mike's calming voice felt very reassuring and El felt herself relax. It also helped that he was massaging her breasts. She could feel his hard dick; he was holding her so close. El felt herself getting wetter. Mike was still kissing her neck and licking her ear. She moved his hand from her breast, heading lower. The week before she had gone shopping with Nancy and had learned that there were different styles of panties and she was currently wondering if Mike would like what he found when he moved his hand down. It was her first time wearing a thong and she hoped he thought it was as sexy as it made her feel.

Mike's hand traveled along, across El's body until it reached her panties. He eagerly pressed his fingers over her clit, rubbing small circles on it as his mouth found her ear. He licked it agonizingly

slowly and breathed heavily, already too turned on to stop himself from going further. After hoisting her shirt up, his hand soon found its way to her smooth thigh and ass and that was when he realized that something was odd. It seemed like she wasn't wearing panties, although he had clearly felt the cotton fabric covering her pussy just a minute earlier.

"Is that...a thong?" Mike grinned as he continued to feel the shape of the underwear, playing with the hem. He had never seen El wearing one and he was dying to. He didn't want to let go of her for fear that she might get scared again, but he had to see what she was wearing. So he peeked under the covers and he could faintly see El's ass and the black string between her cheeks.

"Oh, fuck, you're wearing a thong," he said excitedly before coming back to hug El, this time freeing his cock from his pajama pants and underwear. He gently held one of her legs up a little so he could get his erection between her thighs and rub it over the material of her panties. "That's so hot, El."

El felt Mike's cock between her thighs. She could tell that he had taken it out of his pants and she was glad. Her pussy was starting to ache. She needed to feel him. She very much liked his reaction to her panties, if they could even be called that, and kind of wanted to leave them on. But she wanted to let Mike do whatever he wanted. He was doing such a good job of keeping her mind off the storm.

"Can I put it in? At least once?" Mike whined as he continued to thrust his hips back and forth. He was pretty sure he could come just by rubbing himself between El's thighs but he wanted to be inside her. His hand made its way between the front of her legs and he carefully pushed her thong aside so he could have access to her pussy. He was only toying with her entry, rubbing the swollen tip of

his cock over her small opening, just hoping El would say yes and let him fuck her, or even just enter her once. He was okay with either option.

El felt Mike's fingers teasing her, making her want to grab his hand and push it into her. But then she heard him ask if he could put his cock inside her, just once at least, and she knew she wouldn't want him to stop at just once. She angled her pelvis, causing the head of his dick to almost glide inside. He would have to push it in though; the girth was keeping him from just slipping into her.

Mike sighed in relief when he felt Eleven pushing herself closer to him which only made her pussy almost take him in. He met her halfway and pushed all the way inside, moaning close to her ear as he did so.

"That feels so good, shit..." he mumbled before pulling almost all the way out only to push back in, still not over how amazingly tight and good she felt on his cock. His hand was still keeping her thong aside and he brought his fingers to her clit, playing with it while he lazily thrust in and out of her. For the moment, he still wanted to enjoy the feeling of every inch of her pussy swallowing him in.

El was rocking back and forth to the rhythm of Mike's thrusts. When he first started, having stuffed his cock into her, her head had still been near his. Now as she felt him moving inside her she had the urge to bend her body forward, which caused him to go deeper.

"Oh, fuck, Mike. Do it like that," she panted as his shaft stretched her tight hole. His fingers on her clit sped up.

Mike obliged Eleven's request, speeding up the pace of his fingers over her clit while his cock continued to pound in and out of her pussy. His thrusts always became faster, needing to feel more and more of her body as the seconds passed by, but he still wanted to do one more thing.

Slowing down, he whispered shyly. "Um, can you move...on all fours? I want to see the thong while we do this," he admitted, embarrassed. They had never done it like that before and he just hoped El wouldn't mind the position.

El really didn't need to be asked twice. She would gladly do anything Mike asked her to do. She quickly got onto her knees, ripping her t-shirt off as she moved. She wanted Mike to have an unobstructed view as he rammed himself into her from behind. As he moved into position El dropped her head onto Mike's mattress. Her ass was up, the string of her thong pulled to the side. She could feel it gripping her left butt cheek near her thigh, he'd pulled it so far over.

"Is this what you wanted?" El asked.

"Fuck yes," Mike muttered in awe, his large palms cupping her ass cheeks as he stared at the beauty in front of his eyes. He spread her ass cheeks apart and admired every part of her, but it soon ended once he lowered himself and licked her starting from her slit all the way up to her asshole. He had never done that before to her and he wasn't sure how she was going to feel about that, but he couldn't help it. She was turning him on beyond words and he just wanted to lick every part of her body. His tongue lapped over the tight hole and he could lightly feel her clenching it, but that didn't stop him.

El was prepared for Mike's cock to find its way back inside her but she was caught off guard when she felt his tongue on her. She was torn. On one hand she thought no one was ever supposed to touch her there, but on the other hand it felt amazing and she didn't want him to stop.

"Mike, what are you doing? That feels so good." El could feel a string of drool starting to slip from the corner of her mouth.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it," Mike mumbled as he continued to eat her ass out, his slick muscle now pushing against her hole. He didn't want to make El feel uncomfortable in any way but he figured that it was okay since she said it felt good. As much as Mike wanted to keep going his cock was aching to be inside her once again. So he finally stopped licking her before positioning himself at her entry and slowly easing into her from behind. He continued to keep her ass cheeks apart, admiring the way his saliva glistened over her asshole and how she looked wearing that thong. It was driving him crazy, so much so that he could no longer be gentle. He started a faster rhythm, fucking El into the mattress while he rested his lanky fingers on her ass to keep her in place and help her move back and forth on his cock.

"You're so hot, El. Oh my god, you have no idea."

El liked it when Mike took charge and got a little rough with her. His tongue on her asshole had caused her to practically drip onto his bed, she had been wet before but that opened the flood gates. Now Mike was really fucking her and it was exactly what she wanted. She knew he was behind her looking down at the way the thong was pulled aside, looking at her ass. There was no way he couldn't be.

“Fuck me, Mike,” El tried to whisper. “Will you make me come?” El moved her knees out a bit, causing her to sink closer to the mattress as Mike’s weight pushed into her, his rhythm never breaking.

“I’ll do anything you want, El,” Mike said between breaths, fucking her rougher with every thrust. She was so turned on it didn’t take long until wet noises started to happen and Mike loved every second of hearing them. He would purposefully jam into her harder and faster just so he could listen to the sounds her pussy made when his cock filled it up, squishing sloppily in and out.

He focused on her asshole the entire time and he had this urge that just couldn’t be controlled. Without any words, he brought his right hand to her tight opening and slowly pushed the tip of his thumb inside, hoping it wouldn’t hurt his precious El. He just wanted to feel her asshole clench around his finger as he fucked her, hoping that one day it could be replaced by his cock. For now though, he was content with just his thumb.

El was so in the moment, so into feeling Mike’s hard cock ram into her again and again, that it took her a few seconds to register that Mike had put his finger, *or was it his thumb(?)*, into her tight asshole. The sensation made her push herself back into him, meeting his thrusts.

“Mi-Mike, keep doing that. I like your finger in my ass while you’re fucking me. Oh, oh, Mike...”

Just then, the loudest boom of thunder yet broke and with it came El. She tensed, her whole body wracked with delicious convulsions.

“Fuuuuck,” she breathed as her cunt throbbed and gripped Mike’s cock, which was still buried deep inside her.

“You’re so *tight*. All of you,” Mike grunted as his thumb was almost completely buried inside her ass as he fucked her. The thunder startled even him but he quickly held on to El to make sure she was all right, only to feel her pussy clenching around his cock as she cried out. He knew what that meant and he quickly increased his pace, fucking her so hard he could see her head buried in the pillows, but he didn’t stop. What surprised him was how the inside of her ass felt as she came. Both his cock and his thumb were tightly squeezed by her insides and the feeling of that made him come harder than he had in a while. He pumped one last time inside of her, moaning as he felt his warm come flooding her pussy while his finger was still inside her asshole. He pulled it out and admired the way her hole fluttered open for a second before it closed back down and Mike was certain he wanted to experiment more with that.

“Shit, that was amazing,” he whispered as he slowly pulled his cock out of her. As he did, part of his come dropped out of her hole and onto the sheets. He made a mental note to clean that up the next morning. Yet for now, he was just happy to lay down next to El and pulled her into a tight hug after putting her thong back in place.

The thunder and lightning continued outside but at that moment, with Mike’s arms wrapped around her and feeling magnificently exhausted, the storm didn’t seem so frightening. As she drifted off to sleep her last thoughts were of how it was now entirely possible that every time she heard thunder she would think of coming.

Could be worse.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading. I have some things planned for October. I do love Halloween. Shout out to my favorite person, I couldn't do this without you. Te iubesc! You know it's true!